Another Moe Dies

who believed the moral words
of soaring documents, acted thus.

& one day of many threw everything
he could in plastic bags to hit

a murderous neighborhood.
Some food, toys, clothes...hey

what the hell, I've been without!
I don't know your slang & guess
I'm just a square, or worse,

but I love children & will
forever. Fellow laughed, Man
I should give YOU a shirt!

Hey! This one's me & I'm it.
He was often God-Blessed,
answering I don't know...
I'm a more Eastern fool.

To know God is to be God.
Hell of an aim. Even soiled,
we're all God anyways. Informed

his contradictions were bosh, he
found scholars hilarious, & loved
them the more that they struck
out. Notions amiss? Encounter-

ing St Peter at the gate,
he'd pry nonetheless. Angels
hafta stand around like this?

No chairs? Nice nosh?